

THE SENTINEL.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

VOL. 1.

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1863.

NO. 5.

The Sentinel,

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—BY—

SERG'T. H. J. DEMING,

And other "Types" of the 14th Mich. Inf.

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Letters intended for insertion must be addressed to MAJOR T. C. FRIZZBON.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

On the blood-drench'd field of carnage,
Helpless, wrapt in night and doubt,
Lay thy son, and angel sentries
Kept their vigils round about.
Then I thought of thee, sweet mother,
And the dear ones far away;
Visions of "sweet home" came flitting
O'er my soul with clearing ray.

II.

God, to whom from earliest childhood
I had learn'd to bow the knee,
Took my soul into His keeping,
While Death's gloom o'er shadow'd me,
And with morn's first dawn's faint blushing,
Friendly hands had carried me,
Bathed my wounds and kindly tended
Me with love's sweet ministry.

III.

My last hour is drawing nearer,
Aeener burn the wounds and smart;
Kiss me, as of old, dear mother,
Press me closer to thy heart,
Would I could ever repay thee,
All thy loving faithful cares!
May God's blessing guard and stay thee
On the path of toils and tears!

IV.

Kiss the little ones, dear mother,
Once, and yet again, and tell
Often in the twilight quiet,
How their brother fought and fell,
While I quietly am sleeping,
Neath the battle-crimson sod;
Tell them how for Truth and Freedom
Throb'd my heart and flow'd my blood.

V.

Firmly trusting in His mercy
Who for all hung on the tree,
Bliss and hope inspire my bosom,
And the peace He bought for me,
But hark, mother—angel voices
Round me crowd a shining train,
Now they bid us part; God bless thee
Mother, 'till we meet again.

Mr Melange.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE

OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES.—You remember me. I saw you in Canada a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldom forgit a person.

I hear of your marriage to the Princess Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratulatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & haint had no time to write letters to folks. Excuse me.

Numeris changes has took place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fact, is sick. I sometimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country in conjunction with Cap'n Sems of the Alabama, manetanes a nootral position!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifices, you bet.

I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand redly to sacrifice my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody ought to be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as any body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hear about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caus'd sum

squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendhill Philips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallandigham, who is Conservativ, and who was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortogous if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortogusses would keep him.

We haint got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents, as to who was drafted.

One young man who was draw'd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodied dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this draft bizinaiss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscripts in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin' on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understand there is a Musium of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' all siles; but no offence is ment. You know I ain't a politician, never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, howsever, to have a well-balanced mind; tho' my ideas of a well-balanced mind differs from the ideas of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me organized a strollin dramatic company, & we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a read drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's give 'em cum immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you haint got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I call a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miserble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestra, and wishin' to expire to slow music he died playin' on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans, & such is the world! Alas! alas! how onthankful we air to that Providence, which kindly allws us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin' you is to give you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizniss I've had over thirty years' experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connection therewith. Not knowings what that air and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord look of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We were both very much frustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eavin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York,

& cheap too. You can git half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and biled per-taters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manage my wife without any particuler trouble. When I fust comment train' her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I minding'd You'd better do sin. My wife may object to gittin' a cold, but the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejodiss. I regret to observe that I didn't commence arly enuff. I would've have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now that you remarried you can eat onions. I allus lid, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter who is goin' on 17 and is fisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I'm a very entertainin' old feller, and they visit us frekently, specially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His interleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the proceedings of our State Legislature. The old gen'l man likes to read out loud, and he reads to bibe well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortunly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Well, whenever this young lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night til 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a draw-bridge away off in the east part of the State, havin' sett my daughter to bed at half past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understand he says I go round swindlin' the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continnerd drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consider'ble licker, conceeled about my person. I had sunbow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need re-organizin'! I have cum, Betsy," I continnerd—crackin' the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you, per-rayed to nite?"

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I haint drank much of any thin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a

good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of fryin' g slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stun! We haint got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illusterated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to giv a woman consid'ble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr. Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door-yard while she was cleanin' house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin' v'ileable; but he said he wanted to giv his wife "a little lee-way." That was 2 mutch. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin' him his mother's Bible. It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could, but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do just about as she wants to. I dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charna.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope ther'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know how I'm prosperin' in a peconery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understand my bizniss a goodeal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St. George & the Dragon. "Ever be happy."

A. WARD.

The Interview Between Rosecrans and Vallandigham.

The Dayton (Ohio) Journal, edited by Capt. W. D. Bickham, late correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial and author of "Rosecrans Campaign," has the following relative to the interview between "Old Rosey" and the "exile of Ohio."

"When Vallandigham arrived at Murfreesboro, General Rosecrans went to see him. 'I wanted to see you,' said the General. 'I wanted to see whether you had a rascal's face.' Then changing the subject rather abruptly—and bringing down the fore-finger of his right hand in that rapier-like style which is a conspicuous feature of his gesticulation when he is terribly earnest—he said: 'Vallandigham, don't you come back here. If you do—Vallandigham—I'll be d—d—and, may God forgive me for the expression—I'll be d—d if I don't hang you!' People will be pleased to remember that the General says he 'never blasphemes, but he sometimes swears.'"

If you want to make a sober man a drunkard, give him a wife that will scold him every time he comes home.

United States Lottery.

Some facetious gentleman has perpetrated the following. The points need no explanation;

United States Lottery!—Great inducements!!—Brilliant Schemes!!! All Prizes and no Blanks!!!—Tickets for this Lottery for either Classes, I or II distributed GRATIS.

No Internal Revenue Stamps required.

The drawing of a prize number will entitle the fortunate individual to

1 new, highly finished musket;
1 bran new suit of clothes;
1 pair of shoes and stockings;
1 elegant blanket;
1 nice haversack and knapsack;
1 nice cartridge box with 60 rounds of ammunition;
1 nice tin plate, tin cup, knife fork and spoon.

In addition, to this the holder of the lucky number will have a regular income of \$13 per month, and "when this cruel war is over," will receive a capital prize of \$100.

With such inducements the manager hopes to be largely patronized by an appreciating public. This is no humbug, catchpenny institution, but a genuine lottery, in which the managers will fulfill all they promise.

Legalized by Act of Congress, approved March 3rd, 1863.

All prizes cashed by the Provost Marshal of the different districts.

Time of drawing will be duly announced, and any one drawing a prize will be immediately notified of the fact.

Col. J. B. Fry, Manager.

A Soldier in Rosecrans' army is disposed to "poke fun" at our roads, as we learn from a Northern paper. He describes the roads as being so bad that during Rosecrans' march from Manchester to Tallahoma, a cavalry horse sunk so deep in the mire that he could not move. The rider dare not dismount, or he too would mire, so there he remained, an object of warning, pity and derision to the whole army as it marched past. The next day Gen. Rosecrans and staff passed, and taking pity on the luckless soldier, sent on a pontoon train from Manchester, and had a bridge built, upon which the horse and rider were extricated.—Nashville Dispatch.

Facts for Farmers.

If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

If you invest money in books and never read them, it is the same as putting your money in a bank, but never drawing either principal or interest.

If you invest money in fine stock and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk too do kitchen work.

If you invest money in a good farm and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

An Irish piper, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—"Pat, what makes your face so red?" "Plase your honor, I always blush when I spake to gintlemen."



I have always dreaded to provoke reason, but never individuals.

FRANKLIN, TENN.

SATURDAY. : : SEPT. 5, 1863.

THE WAR.

"This is, indeed, a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for National existence—against those who have despised our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and willful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow-citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position and commercial interests. Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom. Voluntary exiles from home and friends for the defense and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall again spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us."

MAJOR GEN. ROSECRANS' letter to the General Assembly of the State of Ohio.

Base Ingratitude.

A wise father of the Christian Church, a learned anatomist of the human soul, hath written and said that ingratitude to a mother tears up all virtue by the roots. So loathsome a word none will acknowledge, no matter how debased he may be, as applicable to himself. To be an ingrate, is to be abhorred by God and man—it is the retribution of evil for good—a denial of sentiments of kindness for favors received.

Parties just from the home we left to discharge, as we honestly conceived, our duties to our country, inform us that a Mr. M. W. Quackenbush, formerly Lieut. Col. of the 14th Mich. Inf., is shamefully abusive of it and its officers, since his return home.—Their testimony of his baseness is corroborated by letters from Capt. John Kelly, also resigned and gone home, who heard him speak disparagingly of his old comrades. Assailing them with that impunity which security lends the coward, he boastingly avers that he is a "Copperhead," that the South was right in her attempts upon the life and liberties of the nation; that his "intimate acquaintance" with officers high in the army enabled him to ascertain that their hearts are not in the cause of the Union. It is hard and painful upon us to descend to personalities in this little sheet of ours, especially so against a dead dog whose carcass has so often offensively obtruded itself upon the public.

His coming into the 14th was the result of chance, an unfortunate blunder. Lacking the instincts of a gentleman, he never bosomed a noble impulse, as his nature was radically base and incapable of being sublimated. The secret executioner of friendship, his soul was always the common sewer through which mischief and deceit disburthened themselves of their vices and schemes.—Possessing no remnant of modesty or shame, he was the slave of every one he approached, importuning the honor of being acquainted with superiors, and pardoning the criminal that he may gain his confidence. He condemned aloud the attempt of his creatures to drive the Regiment to mutiny, because he would not be made Colonel, though he counseled and advised such in private. To a Lieutenant he would promise the place of his Captain; to a Sergeant, the

place of his Lieutenant. At one time he purports to punish the guilty for slight offences, and again sanctions plunder and robbery upon private citizens with his pass. Distributing his favors and indulgences to those who would lay their spirit at his feet, he became the tool of the designing and the topic of the well-merited curses of the honest and manly whose souls could not be suborned to his will. Unassisted by education, unfavored by wealth or position in society, having neither natural talent nor native virtue, it has been a marvel to all who knew him to ascertain how he was commissioned a Lieut. Col. in spite of the protests and prejudices of his line officers.

He states that he was kept in the service against his better judgement and feelings, and that so "long as he lives he will teach his children to love" those who are in rebellion against his mother land.

Lest our friends at home may lend their ears to his story, we will inform them that he had to leave the army; that he ran away to evade charges that would have cost him his liberty or his life. He was charged with cowardice in the face of the enemy on three special occasions; at Corinth, at Laverne, at Brentwood, and he feigned sickness during the battle of Stone River and permitted his gallant Regiment to go into action under command of a Captain—no field officer being present but himself. He was charged with sending out armed bands to plunder the people he had sworn to protect, and to have connived at the escape of parties caught by the present Provost Marshal of this town in the act of robbing with intent to kill.

And this is the man who abuses his old comrades in the field—this the ignorant poltroon who turns traitor to his country and his friends—this the wretch that cowardice and villainy drove from the army to vend his filth and slime of men who in his highest conceptions of himself would not deign to acknowledge his acquaintance at home.

Only For The Shame Of It.

Hundreds of people within the Federal lines whose children and friends are now in the "Confederate" army—hundreds who acknowledge to themselves the hopelessness of their attempt to overthrow the national Government, tell us they would "like to see their brave boys home again, only for the shame attached to desertion!" We are fully conscious of the moral courage it requires to acknowledge a mistake or openly confess and recant an error so hopefully cherished as was yours in the righteousness of your cause. Pride, which is not easily mastered or subdued, is the cause of your covert and persistent attachment to what, in our charity, we will call a patriotic delusion. Reason with yourselves, fathers, mothers, wives and sweet-hearts. Suppose that, in the frenzy of passion, you were led to the commission of a heinous offence against a neighbor who never injured nor harmed you—a neighbor whose interest and attachments were as yours—would it not be honorable in you to repair that injury and retract your bitter hate, so soon as you discovered yourself in the wrong? As well might you argue that if your children were forced into the service of Canada when at war with Tennessee, they would be by honor bound to remain under the Union Jack and cut their fathers' throats. Canada would have, and really has, as strong claims upon the allegiance of Tennesseans, as has the so-called "Confederacy." Since its conception, it has not been strong enough to lend you the least protection. It has been the cause of laying waste your fair fields, desolating your homes and studding your native hillsides with the graves of your children. It has brought you to the verge of de-

struction and impoverishment. It is daily sapping your life's blood, and it is the purpose of your souls to glory in the ruin begotten of your folly and false notions of "honor" and "shame," the cup of your bitter sorrow is not yet filled. If it be your wish to immolate your children on the altar of wicked rebellion, your ambition will be fearfully and tragically gratified. If, like Starn, you live by devouring your own children, the blame rest upon you. The government of the United States and her faithful sons will be free of any crime. Our hands are clear of the stain of blood of those who are led in opposition to us by your bad advice. We are fighting for your native land under the banner baptized in the blood of your fathers; your children are arrayed against, and seek the destruction of, and those who fall in the war, will fill a traitor grave! Your sons did not volunteer to do this, for as Almighty God has not yet resigned the hearts of men to the control of the devil, we cannot believe they would be so abandoned to wickedness as to desecrate their fathers' graves. They were induced and forced into rebellion; the young and unthinking may have exhibited a degree of enthusiasm at the commencement, but two years of hardship, hunger and useless toil have cured them of their idle day-dream. They would return rejoicingly did they believe you would receive and we would forgive them. We hold out the olive branch of peace and brotherhood, but you—because of your false "pride!"—assume the shape of the serpent and bid them halt in their mad career. Woe, pity and woe, attend those brave boys of yours, who with saddened hearts and weary limbs are wending their way to the Southern coast, and turning their backs forever upon the loved homes of their childhood! And as they lie upon the cold ground and look upon the moon and stars of Heaven, the only familiar objects that remain to them of their boyhood's home, with the scalding tears of sorrow will fall their execrations of those who look upon their murder as "honorable" and their return a crime!

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

How Violated.

Many persons whose children are now within the rebel lines and in the event of the return of those children their oath of allegiance to the Federal Government would prevent their receiving them. If they come home and are received as soldiers of the "Confederacy," if they come for the purpose of recruiting their health, procuring clothes or other means to enable them to pursue their opposition to, and continue in rebellion against, the United States, they would be violating their oath and leaving themselves amenable to the dreadful consequences. But if the children of such parents return to stay—return for the purpose of living peaceably under said Government, they incur no risk, but rather discharge their sacred duties in providing for their wants. In the latter case, we would not only have you receive them kindly but affectionately, preparing the fattened calf for the prodigal's return.

Tennesseans

Mark well and bear in mind the lessons contained in Order 199 published on this page. Read and explain it to your neighbor; it is the language of the Commanding General of the Department—the official announcement of the Federal Government. Gen. Rosecrans calls upon you to "resume the exercise of your political and civil rights, under the constitution of Tennessee and of the United States." More you cannot ask and will not get.

Important Announcement!!!

The Nashville Union League! made the fall of Fort Sumter an occasion of rejoicement, and another patriotic resolution was the result. They announce themselves for a "vigorous prosecution of the war" and tell the "world and all the rest of mankind" that they are for hanging the leaders of the rebellion. The laughable impertinence of the Tooty street tailors who resolved themselves the people of England does not equal the brazen effrontery of these "Union" Leaguers. There are, we are told, over three thousand men connected with their lodge, and instead of coming forth boldly and joining the army, they content themselves with bombarding the moon with bald nonsense. This organization has not spirit enough to merit the contempt of honest patriots nor virtue enough to claim their respect.

But they are "loyal" and "patriotic," we are told; they lend us their "moral influence." They proclaim in loud words—"If our distracted country needs us—if she requires the sacrifice of our lives—if the tottering edifice of our glorious Union needs to be cemented with our blood—if it be necessary that she stride to victory over our dead bodies—then with hearts prepared for any fate, with a lively feeling of doing our duty, we shall boldly walk into our Union Lodge and resolve ourselves into a committee on resolutions!" Bah!

Mistaken.

Our worthy friend of the Monroe (Mich.) Commercial is mistaken in setting us down as "formerly acting with and supporting the pro-slavery party" in the North. We never were, are not now, nor never will be the advocate or apologist of slavery: nor have we ever assumed "leadership" in any political party, or of any class of citizens. The tiredness of our nature and age forbade our doing so. We never, it is true, opposed the "institution of slavery," inasmuch as we deemed it improper and out of place in us to assail any law sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States. It matters little what we think now, for when slave owners themselves resolve upon its destruction, we will not interpose ourself a barrier between it and its fate.

Money—Not Men.

From the manner in which the draft is at present managed, the army in the field need expect little succor from the conscription. The thousands drafted in New England patriotically respond to the "call" by paying their exemption money, while New York has resolved itself to pay three million dollars to secure exemption for all who may be "drawn." New England is willing and ready to "enter into arrangements" with the government to supply our soldiers with shoddy blankets, brogans, brass buttons and dog tents; but the Western States must do the fighting. The "empire of shopkeepers" is getting rich on the war.

Force of Habit.

The thieving propensities of Morgan's band continued to the last. When the train containing them left Zanesville the other day, they reached out of the cars and coolly took whatever hats they could lay their hands on among the crowd, to the great chagrin of their owners.

Their conduct reminds us of an incident connected with the hanging of a noted thief who expiated on the gallows for the crime of arson and robbery some years ago in Pennsylvania. While the rope was being adjusted around his neck, so great was his penchant for stealing that he could not forego the pleasure of taking the snuff-box out of the Sheriff's pocket!

Important Order from Gen. Rosecrans—The Administration of the Department of the Cumberland—The Guerrillas Warned—The Endeavor to Give all Possible Protection to All "Peaceable" as well as Loyal Citizens of Tennessee.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, Winchester, Tenn., August 15, 1863.

General Order, No. 199.

I. It is the earnest desire of the General Commanding, that all peaceable, as well as loyal citizens of Tennessee should receive all possible protection to persons and property; that they should resume the exercises of their political and civil rights, under the Constitution of Tennessee and of the United States.

II. Since the rebel power has been driven from Middle Tennessee, numbers of men have left their army; they, and others scattered through the country, are in danger of being assembled into lawless bands for theft, pillage and violence, under the name of guerrilla warfare.

To prevent this, which would destroy the whole country, the General Commanding earnestly warns all such persons not to engage in such a criminal course. If they wish to oppose the Government of the United States, they must take upon themselves the uniform, and subject themselves to the duties and restrictions, of regularly organized rebel soldiers. If taken within the country subject to our control, in disguise, roaming as individuals or banding with other brigands, and living by stealing and plundering, they will be treated as spies or robbers, enemies of the human race, against whom it is the duty of all, both military and civilians, to wage war of extermination.

III. Since it is for the salvation of civil society, no person within the limits of this command will be exempted from the duty of using their utmost efforts to put a stop to any attempt to inaugurate a state of plunder, rapine and murder, under the name of guerrilla warfare. In enforcing this duty, the General Commanding will follow the old rule of common law, and hold the inhabitants of each locality responsible for the guerrilla warfare practiced in their midst, and, unless satisfied that they have done their full duty, and used their utmost efforts to stop it, will lay waste their country, and render it untenable for robbers.

IV. Peaceful inhabitants, without regard to political sympathies, being equally interested in preventing the ruin of their country, are counseled and enjoined to unite in putting a final end to all lawless and individual warfare, robbing and plundering under the name of partisans and guerrillas.

To this end they must use all the moral influence they can bring to bear, warning those who threaten, publicly denouncing the practice, and giving information which will lead to the prevention of the crimes, or the capture and punishment of the offenders.

They will further be permitted to resume the freeman's right of bearing arms in self-defense, whenever and wherever the Military Governor of the State and the Department Commanding deem it practicable, without involving the risk of their being captured and used against the Government.

V. All persons heretofore acting with the rebellion, and desirous of becoming peaceable citizens, are referred to General Order No. 175, for the terms upon which it will be allowed.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL ROSECRANS.

R. R. BRIDGE.—The new, double trestle R. R. bridge at this point is near completion and reflects great credit on the Pioneer Corps. It will be finished on Monday, when Col. Innes sends us word—the iron horse will bear joyful news to our brave boys at the front.

VILLAGE FACTS AND FANCIES.

POST OF FRANKLIN:

Col. Henry R. Mizner,

14th Mich. Infantry,

Commanding Post.

J. W. Myers,

Lt. and A. A. A. G.

W. H. McLYMAN,

Capt. and Post Commissary.

Frank H. White,

Lt. and Post Quartermaster.

Capt. Edward S. Nixon,

Provost Marshal,

Office at the Court House.

A WORD TO AND FOR THE LADIES.—If our conduct in the past deserves your censure—if we have said aught to wound your feelings or sour your better natures, we here express sincere regret. You were all boastful rebels then; the labors of the Provost Marshal for the last few days, to say nothing of the Circular of the Post Commander, has achieved your redemption. All being Union now—now that you have resolved to commune with loyal people—our “goading” you is at an end. Believing you to be honorable, sincere and honest, we accept your vows as earnest, and shall not, in the absence of positive proof to the contrary, believe or say anything harmful or ill of you.

We retract, apologize, beg pardon, ask your good prayers and forgiveness, back down! Further, we will hereafter advocate in our columns y or just “rights.” You are citizens of the United States; the male portion of your population who heretofore managed “their own domestic affairs in their own way” are gone, and we will insist upon your assuming their proper management and guidance hereafter.

WANTON DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.—The destructive Simoon of war which has passed over and left many a fine edifice in this town in ruins and ashes is relieving its finishing touches at the hands of thieving negroes. Where they all come from, themselves cannot tell; where they are fast going to, unless proper care be taken of them, is easily seen. Every deserted house, rookery, garret, shed and cellar in town which had their doors unhinged by their “exiled” owners are crowded with negroes of both sexes, varying in size from the dimensions of the tobacco hogshead to that of a young stove-pipe. How they manage to live, we don’t know; how they steal, the citizens hogs, turkeys and chickens, did they live and could speak, would tell in mournful accents. They wantonly tear down houses, barns and fences in presence of their owners, who fearing the presence of the military can do nothing to desist.

It is the duty of the Provost Marshal to see that order is maintained here in the absence of civil law; the Department, District, Corps and Post Commanders are opposed to the destruction of property—the wasting of the people’s means whom we are here to protect. God and their own sad hearts only knows how citizens have suffered in this rebellion, and the repeated outrages of the negroes will prove the last feather upon their backs. Those not owned or employed here by the government, should be sent somewhere they may be made useful, and if the Provost fail to find a home for the female portion of them, some higher authority should see that they be removed from the garrison and cared for by somebody. If those who remain persist in making firewood of window-sashes, doors and cup-boards, let the lash or the bullet be resorted to. We do not permit our soldiers to leave their camps without permission; negroes should not

be allowed to prey upon the inhabitants with impunity.

Knowing the delicacy of citizens in importuning the Post Commander for every trifling little matter, we take this mode of calling his attention to this festering evil.

TIED OF THE WAR.—Capt. Catels of the First Tenn. (rebel) Infantry, and for the last nine months Provost Marshal at Chattanooga, came into our lines Saturday last and surrendered himself a prisoner to Capt. Nixon. Having become thoroughly disgusted with the condition and management of affairs in Dixie, he resigned his commission like a sensible fellow, returned to his quiet home, has taken the oath of allegiance to the old flag, and given bonds to the amount of \$10,000 for his future well-doing.

THE CHANGE.—It is amusingly agreeable to notice the change of sentiment among the fairer portion of our citizens within the last week. Taking advantage of the time given by the Post Commander to avow their sentiments, all or nearly all the ladies of this quiet burg “walked up to the Captain’s office” and took the oath, since when they are ransacking the forest of thought to learn the ways and manners and language of loyalty. “Do you know what I think?” remarked a young and educated lady to us after her recantation, “and what I believed all along, though I did not want to say so?” Of course we were ignorant of her thoughts, when she said: “If the Confederacy were established to-morrow, I honestly believe we would have eleven little Presidents. South Carolina wouldn’t stay five days with us, and Tennessee would never be ruled by Mississippi.” True and sensible, good girl. If the government of your fathers were fragmented, petty despotisms would spring from its ruins as mushrooms from the floors of a fallen mansion.

CAPT. GEO. WASH. HICKS, of the 23rd Tenn. (rebel) Inf. has resigned, come home, taken the oath and given bonds. We remember the 23rd, and they no doubt remember us, for the 14th Mich. often saw their faces and backs from Shiloh to Boonville. We confess the 23rd was a fine and courageous set of fellows, worthy of a better cause, and acted “right smart” at the battle of Farmington, Mississippi, a year ago the 9th of May last. It was raised in the counties of Davidson, Bedford, Lawrence and Marshall.

PROVOST’S OFFICE.—The Provost Marshal was kept busy this last week, 151 having taken the oath, giving bonds to the amount of \$318,000. Two prisoners were paroled under heavy bonds.

FLOWERS.—Most graciously do we thank the thoughtful friend who left a bouquet of flowers on our table in our absence, Monday last. Like the Indian missionary, we forgivingly write injuries done us in sand, while upon the tablets of the heart are graven acts of friendship and kindness. Thank you once again, dear friend. May the griefs and sorrows that oppress mankind be ever strangers to your home and to your heart.

EXCHANGES.—During the last week we have noticed some three of our exchanges credit matter copied from our paper to the *Sentinel*, not stating whereof. They are all welcome to any little bit of brains we have to spare, but as we are “jealous of our honor and good name” we are extremely anxious that we be not confounded with our namesake at Richmond. The *Union* and *Dispatch* of Nashville will accept our thanks for their more than generous recognition of our “X.”

FAST RIDING.—Notwithstanding orders to the contrary, fast riding is little abated. They gallop madly by our office, startling us into the belief that Mr. Forrest or some “other man” is upon us. Guards, do your duty: arrest and dismount any and all guilty of a violation of general order No. 8.

“BRAINS AND BUSINESS TRAINING.”—The readers special attention is directed to an article under the above heading on the outside page of to-day’s paper. It is the work of some master mind, containing a depth of thought and meaning instructive to all who purpose making themselves useful in this world.

DESERTERS.—Monday last two deserters surrendered themselves as prisoners to our pickets. Their names are Goodwin and Williams. They belonged to Col. D. B. Jones’ Texas Rangers, whose command they left six weeks ago near Kinderhook, Tenn. They preferred being shot by Federal soldiers than serve under “Captain Bragg.” They represent Kinderhook to be an “asylum” for all the soldiers wives in the “Confederacy,” who have followed their husbands in search of their “rights.” The waters of the Tennessee prevented their going further, and they have fallen back to the mournful retracing of their new mountain home. To credit what these deserters say of the unfortunate women would lead us to infer that there is little fear of their “shadows growing less” for awhile.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE!—While the “poor white trash” of the country are cutting each others’ throats, the rising generation of blacks are taking advantage of the new liberty that has dawned upon them. They have their “socials,” solos, parties and dances *ad libitum*, and weddings follow as naturally as chickens do patient incubation. On Friday night last one of these blissful ceremonies came off in this village, the Rev. Lieut. Cyrus F. Jackson officiating as Clergyman. The young bridegroom is a Mississippian of immense self importance, black as coal tar, and possessing a magnificent set of glistening incisors and molars to carve his way through a laborious world. The bride is what our Southern friends would call a “very likely and clever wench,” evidently gotten by some one whose visionary ideas of the ninth commandment never oppressed his conscience.

Our readers are indebted to the Provost Marshal for the names of the wedded couple: Solomon G. A. Washington Wiseman, and Miss Emma Sophrona [Louisa] Mayfield! Notwithstanding W. Shakespeare’s opinion to the contrary, there is something in a name after all.

LINDVILLE “GONE TO BLAZES!”—Parties from the front confirm the report of Lindville being laid in ashes by Col. McCook’s command, Wednesday last. The guerrillas having concealed themselves in the houses, fired upon the column as it passed, wounding three of the Federals. McCook, reminded of the murder of his brother on the same line of march a year ago, ordered the destruction of the town. It is now a fit monument of the folly and cowardice of guerrilla warfare, its charred remains painfully suggestive of the fate that awaits the hiding places of all such robbers and murderers.

Gen. Morgan is carrying out the same policy near Elk River; we are told that he is laying waste every village and hamlet that offers shelter to these scoundrels. Rumor has it that Pulaski has shared the fate of Lindville, but we have no confirmation of it. Lindville was a neat and thriving village, as we remember it a year ago, sixteen miles south of Columbia.

Correspondence.

Franklin, Tenn., 1st Sept., 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—“Excessive modesty” must be my excuse for having failed to keep my promise of a “contribution” to the *Sentinel*.

Franklin now enjoys a season of comparative quiet, although the goats and negroes are slightly rampant. The merry school-boys plod along through their lessons, as was their wont before the “Lincoln soldiers invaded their peaceful homes,” and at recess give vent to their noisy inclinations, and the pent-up accumulations of mischief and fun kept in check during school hours by the ever watchful eye of the teacher.

Were it not for the appearance of an occasional gentleman of the military persuasion in our streets, what a peaceful aspect this quiet little village would present! Rumor (always reliable) says that sundry gentlemen of the afore-mentioned persuasion, rejoicing in single blessedness, single breastedness (of coat I mean) and single bars on their shoulders (if any) are cherishing the vain delusion that they are objects of “consideration” and even admiration with the “loyal” black-eyed beauties of Franklin. Humph!

“When ignorance is bliss, ‘tis folly to be wise.” I would simply suggest for the comfort of the aforesaid “exquisites,” that the feminine component of Franklin have a decided predilection for the “Chivalry.”

The “*Sentinel*” has become quite an institution with the citizens, although I am told that the young ladies have a holy horror of it. Byron has written:

“This pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print.” Franklin ladies, rather demur to the sentiment of this quotation. They “can’t see it.” As far as the “*Sentinel*” is concerned, they are willing to be considered the substrata of innumerable “In memoriam &c’s.” After cudgeling my brain for some respectable manner of closing this letter, I have concluded to attempt an original “Lyric:

“As brevity is the soul of wit I will be brief.”

McCLARTY.
[If our “excessively modest” friend had visited our office at the time his communication reached us, he would be disabused of the “ladies having a holy horror” of us. Indeed, one of the truest, noblest, most charming and accomplished ladies of this town read his article in manuscript (unperceived by us) and laughed derisively at “McClarty” for his “soft impeachment” of the *Sentinel*. Ed.]

Daring Robbery And Attempt To Murder.

EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL:—Saturday night, about a week since, the house of John S. Claybrooke, Esq., of Williamson County, near Triune, was broken into by a band of villainous robbers. Mr. C. was at the time on a visit to Nashville, no male person being left with his family (a wife and — daughters). The band consisted of four men; two white, and two negroes, dressed in Federal uniform; they came about 12 o’clock at night and demanded admittance, which was at first refused—the ladies wanting to know who they were and their business—but the two negroes had already entered the house at another place, when this was found out Mrs. C. and her children ran and locked themselves up in one of the rooms—the robbers after them—four shots were fired into the room, two taking effect on Miss Anna Claybrooke, one ball glancing around the skull and the other wounding the ear. Both are painful but not dangerous. The family made their escape out of the back way and ran to Mr. Bostie’s (a neighbor) with nothing but their night clothes. The thieves, after taking

a great many articles about the house, left and have never been heard of since. This is one of the many instances of the same kind that are being perpetrated through the country, and the neighbors would soon put it down if the authorities would allow them to keep a shot gun or pistol, and patrol the district. Is it not allowed? Those robbers pretended to belong to the Union army. Mr. Claybrooke is a peaceable and valuable citizen—has been for a long time President of the Tenn. & Ala. R. R.; he is a Constitutional man and always opposed to secession and the war. Mrs. C. is a most excellent woman. They have suffered a great deal by both armies being camped near them and by afflictions in the family.

Major Claybrooke, (of the 20th Tenn. Reg.) their son, was killed at Hoovers Gap, he was a promising young man and admired by all. An officer that was taken prisoner at Murfreesboro by the 20th, paid the highest compliment to Major C. for his kind treatment, both from him and his men, towards the Union soldiers. The officer (a Lieut. Col.) testified his kindness by presenting Major Claybrooke with a fine pair of spurs.

O that peace could be restored and that we could all live happily together in this once glorious Union!

CHAS. —

Our correspondent will see that General Order No. 199, published in another column, gives him the information he asks regarding his right to bear arms. The Post Commander will, on application, see to all such cases. Ed. *SENTINEL*.]

FIRST TENN. REBEL INF.—A soldier named Jay Church, of Capt. Atkeison’s Co. (D), First Tenn. (reb.) Infantry, who was made prisoner yesterday, gives a gloomy picture of affairs in Dixie. He left his regiment in company with a boy named Ike Brown, of this town, as it crossing the Tennessee closely pressed by the Federals. He says that those of the Franklin boys who remain are weary and despondent, anxious to be home once more, and are sick and tired of the rebellion. He represents Captain Atkeison as a clever fellow, well liked by his comrades and subject to fits of sadness and despair. Black Hawk Nichols, who was wounded at Perryville, is on duty again. The company has been reduced by death and disability from 113 to 38.

LATEST AND IMPORTANT By Telegraph.

Special to The Sentinel.

BRIDGEPORT, Sept. 4th.—Information from Burnside is to the effect that he has taken Kingston without much opposition, and that East Tennessee is entirely evacuated by the rebels. Bragg has been superseded by Johnson, who has been reinforced with all East Tennessee troops, and with forces from the East and South.

Washington, Sept. 4.

Gen. Kilpatrick conducted an expedition up the Rappahannock to recover the gunboats *Satellite* and *Reliance* recently captured by the rebels. Unable to cross, he opened on them with artillery, and so riddled them that they will be entirely useless to the enemy.

News from Charleston states that the iron clads reached a point opposite Fort Moultrie and opened upon it, when they were fired upon from Forts Moultrie, Wagner and Gregg. The guns of Fort Wagner were quickly silenced, our gunboats steaming within close range. No fire from Sumpter. It is a pile of ruins. Gilmore and Dahlgren say operations are progressing favorably, and both are satisfied their labors will ultimately be successful.

CONCORDUM.—Why is it that the army of the Union is the greatest and strongest in the world?

Because it is composed of *Sam-sons*.

Miscellanea.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

—THE WIFE'S PREROGATIVE.—Every married man should let his wife have the management of the home department, and give her, as Secretary, the control of the different bureaus. Don't let her have anything to do with the War Department.—*Exchange.*

Then, how is she to bring the Infantry up to the "breast works," we should like to know, in case of an attack of the measles? It is evident that the writer of the above has never been in any engagement.

—Reasons why a ship is called *she*:—Because man knows not their expense till he gets them. Because they are useless without employment. Because they look best when rigged. Because their value depends on their age. Because they are upright in stays. Because they bring news from abroad. Because they wear caps and bonnets. Because they are often painted.

—Dr. Barnes being inclined to sleep a little during a dull, prosy sermon, a friend who was with him joked him on his having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted on his having been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, can you tell me what the sermon was about? "Yes, I can," he answered: "it was about an hour too long!"

—A ten-year-old, who though ungovernable, calls his father governor, asked his older sister, "Is the governor up stairs, Maria?" "If you mean father, yes." "Well, then, tell him if he wants to speak to me about staying out late of a night, he had better come down and do so now, as I have got an appointment at ten o'clock to supper with the two Miss Sparkles! Be lively, there's a good girl!"

—A deceased chief-justice once addressed a jury in the following model speech: "Gentlemen of the jury: in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses incredible; and the plaintiffs and defendants are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

—Among the Caffres agriculture is considered to be a kind of labor unworthy of a warrior, and is therefore entirely left to the women. When they first saw a plow at work they gazed at it in astonishment and delighted silence. At length one of them gave utterance to his feelings: "See how the thing tears up the ground with its mouth! It is of more use than five wives!"

—When a man wants money, friends, or assistance, this world is very apt to oblige and let him want.

—"Wood is the thing, after all," as the man with a wooden leg said when the mad dog bit it.

—The lady whose "heart swelled with indignation," has had it reduced with poultices.

—Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

—A lady at sea, full of apprehension in a gale of wind, cried out among other exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom. Mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

—A friend inquires whether a man can not vote by telegraph. This is a question for political wire-workers to solve. Our own opinion is that it depends entirely upon the regulations of the poles.

—A young warrior was observed to be seized with a sudden quaking and shivering all over his body. Whereupon some one asked him what was the matter. "My flesh," replied he, "trembles at the forethought of those dangers whereunto my undaunted heart will certainly carry me."

—"Never judge from manners," said Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civiliest gentleman I ever met with."

—When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step towards wealth.

—A highly civilized New Zealander, now a partner in an English commercial house at Sydney, says that in his younger days he was greatly addicted to the use of human flesh; and being a candid and really high-minded man, he admits that although he has now acquired different tastes, the relish with which he partook of cannibal feasts, especially when a young female was served up, is still a matter of a by no means disagreeable reflection to him.

—Tompkins considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be blamed: "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

—An ill-bred fellow, who had suddenly risen to wealth by some profitable Government contracts, went to the opera, and stood up with his hat on. "We must forgive the man," whispered a wag; "he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat that he doesn't know when to take it off."

—A gentleman on board a steamboat with his family, was asked by his children, "what made the boat go?" when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigsaw, and that connects with the crinkumcrankum; and then that man—he's called the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

—A gentleman of the 14th Mich. with a few hours to spare will be happy to lend them to any body, who can't otherwise get a minute to himself.

—Of all the dust thrown into men's eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.

—Beef-steaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes require to be hauled over the coals.

—"I feel the point, but don't see the joke," as the sheep said to the butcher's knife.

—The heart, like a watchman, should confine itself to its regular beat.

Mrs. Partington has made Ike read the history of the battle of Lundy's Lane thirteen times. She told a friend that she thought it "without conception the most extraordinary confusion of glowering ideas and sentences that ever intermitted from the pen of Genesis. His impositions is the most superfluous. The deleterious sweetness of his constipations, the roundness of his paragulphs, the impertinence of the subject, and the judicious secretions of his expansions are unequalled in the annals of literature."

A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going to Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go bare-foot?" "Part on 'em do, and part on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

One half of this generation," said an old maid, "are born to be the wives of the other half, and the mothers of all the rest."

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.—"In my youth," says Horace Walpole, "I thought of writing a satire upon mankind; but now, in my old age, I think I should write an apology for them."

PRUDENT RESERVE.—A young lady should often maintain a prudent reserve and silence in the presence of her lover; he will be certain to fancy her a great deal wiser than she can show herself by her talk.

When stretched upon his bed, in the agony of the gout, it was reported to Chatham that one of his official subordinates pronounced an order impossible of execution. "Tell him," said he, rising up and marching across the room on his swollen feet, his face streaming with perspiration from the excruciating effort, "tell him it is the order of a man who treads upon impossibilities."

Brains and Business Training.

Nothing is more valuable on earth than man, and yet nothing is so common or so cheap. A man of power, a real man, with the capacity of head and brains to govern a nation, to command an army, to influence and sway the people, to move the world—such a man is always the greatest marvel and wonder of every passing century. Among business men, talent is far more valuable than money. A man without capital, who has the capacity to achieve, to plan and to execute, a business genius, is far more valuable to the commercial world than a millionaire who lives only the center of subjective stupidity and idleness. Never was real talent at such premium as at the present moment. Who could fix the value, in millions, or even in hundreds of millions, of a real, live Napoleon among our generals? We have had one—an intimation—who bore that name for a brief period, but his shining was like that of a rush taper, and not like the blazing, heavenly luminary. A ten-thousand-dollar-bank president or cashier, a first-rate business man, is a much cheaper officer than an equally good map destitute of financial qualifications, who could be had for quarter of the money. An able general can save more, a hundred fold, by his skill, in commanding an army, than it costs to support him. The same is true of good men employed in every other vocation. One man, whose perceptive faculties are well developed, who has real tact and skill, can do with a knife or a jack-plans what another, a dunce, could not do with a chest of tools. A man of the highest order of talent is, after all, the capitalist of any town, state or nation. He can command both men and money to any extent required.

In all departments of trade, good business men are now in great demand. We have a short supply, a short crop. We are peopled abundantly in all parts of business, but not manned. Among the merchants of this great metropolis, thousands of thoroughly trained, clear-headed business men are now wanted. This is literally true, while we are swarming—notwithstanding the war drain—with useless do-nothings. Why is this so? We answer: It is because our young men are raised as animals with scarcely a thought that they are created to achieve, to be a great moral force, a power in the world, and they will be appreciated in proportion only to what they do. A great negative may answer to look at Barnum's Museum, but in real life he is useless rubbish. When a man has done achieving, done producing, done working for the good of others, he had better die and be out of the way. This great rebellion is

developing our poverty of deep rooted, broad-headed, comprehensive-minded men. Whitewashed mummies are abundant. Well clothed, booted, hatted, and cravatred men are as thick as most other brainless animals, and as cheap.

Talented men are now sought in the country as in the city. They are wanted everywhere. The nation is about to take a new start in wonderful, unprecedented prosperity. Men of practical skill and great business gifts will be called for more than ever! They will be wanted to build railroads, to excavate ship-canals, to superintend great manufacturing establishments, to open mines, to set the vast machinery of the country in motion, and keep it in motion. Where are these men coming from—these thousands of major-generals in commerce? To illustrate what we say about our present poverty, we will mention an incident which has come to our knowledge within a month. Several Boston capitalists desired to invest a large sum of money in a particular branch of manufacturing. They have sought in vain for a first-rate man to take charge of the enterprise. No such first-rate man is to be had. They have looked as earnestly as President Lincoln has, hitherto, for a great general to command the Army of the Potomac. We hope they may be as successful, at last, as our Commander-in-Chief has been in Gen. Meade. While men, as we now see to our sorrow, will trust their liberties and their lives in the hands of the unskilful and unlearned, they will not trust their money with such men. If a mistake happens to be made now and then, it is remedied as soon as possible. No second, third or fourth trial is made. One experiment is satisfactory. Would the Directors of the Erie Railroad keep a man in their employ, as engineer, who could not run a train of cars, who never did anything properly except in drawing his salary? No; they would ticket him by first boat up Salt River.

Now is the time to train young men for the great avenues of wealth, and that distinction and power which wealth gives. Thousands, as of old, will continue to float into life without a thought of being thoroughly furnished and equipped for active business service; other thousands will be in demand and will be required as leaders, as educators, and as living illustrations of what a whole man can do. Commercial colleges, thoroughly endowed with skillful, practical men, are now in order. Those in existence—good as far as they go—have only just entered the vestibule in their teachings of business science. We are training young men for the army at West Point, and for the navy at Newport. That is well. But where one is wanted as a graduate from either of those institutions, a thousand are wanted, thoroughly furnished, educated athletes, for trade and commerce. Parents and patriots, think of this.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Genuine Irish Bulls.

Every jest book has a collection of "Bulls," chiefly of Irish extraction; always diverting but not always genuine. Too many of them are like the prize bulls at a cattle fair—reared on purpose to show. But there is no need to force this species of bovine product in order to get the highest excellence. Nothing was ever "got up" in this line half so good as the bona fide productions of Sir Boyle Roche, an Irish member of Parliament, and an orator of real eloquence and genuine wit—notwithstanding his occasional and most prodigious verbal blunders. A recent article in *Once a Week* contains a very amusing collection of the eccentric Baronet's bulls. Here are some of the best of them.

"Sir," said the orator in a parliamentary speech, "I would give up half—nay, the whole of the constitution, to preserve the remainder." This, however, was parliamentary. Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked somewhat pleasantly that the Admiral would "sweep the French off the face of the earth."

By and by came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend at the Capital this discouraging state of his position: "You may judge," he says, "of our State, when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

On one occasion, when the famous letters to the *Public Advertiser* were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks of a certain anonymous writer, called Junius. He it was who recounted that marvelous act in a tumult of loyalty he "stood prostrate at the feet of his sovereign." He it was who denounced in withering language the apostate politician who "turned his back on his self." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet partially confused metaphor of the rat. "Sir," said he, in addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air—but mark me, I shall nip him in the bud."

It was Sir Boyle who spoke in such feeling terms of the gentleman with whose family he was connected by marriage: "He gave me his eldest daughter, sir," he said to one of the professional wits of the Irish bar, "his eldest daughter, sir." To him the wit replied: "If he had an older one he would have given her to you."

In the Irish House these things were welcomed with uproarious hilarity. There was the famous speech which confounded generations. "I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourself out of the way to serve posterity. What has posterity done for us?" He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed and proceeded to explain his meaning: "By security, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come immediately after them."

This invitation to the gentleman on his travels was hospitable and well meant—but equivocal. "I hope, my lord, if you come within a mile of my house you'll stay there all night."

Still, he could hit hard, and for once avoided his natural blundering turn. Mr. Curran stated that he was quite capable of being the gurdian of his own honor. Sir Boyle retorted, "I wish the honorable gentleman joy of his sinecure."

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